

# Life



AUGUST 23, 1923

*Home, Sweet Home*

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# Cantrell & Cochrane Ginger Ale

THE STANDARD  
OF TWO CONTINENTS

## Between Games

—and after—the leisure moments of rest are best served by “C. & C.” Its refreshing zest never fails to inspire to renewed effort or to happier wit. For more than fifty years the accepted beverage of all social occasions.

At clubs and resorts; at hotels, restaurants and fountains; on trains and steamers; of dealers and caterers everywhere.



DUBLIN

NEW YORK

BELFAST

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## Tact

I ALWAYS wondered how Elsie Grey  
Managed to keep on such good terms  
With so many people who were—  
Well, Barnum made a fortune  
Charging ten cents admission to see  
The same sort done in wax.  
I solved the mystery when I called  
on her

The other day.

"Sit down and pardon me a minute,"  
she begged.

She moved off and I heard her say,

Distinctly,

"Yes! Yes! Of course, my dear!"

Then she returned to me and ex-  
plained:

"That's Mrs. Gabb on the telephone.  
When she calls I simply leave  
The receiver off

And every five minutes I say,

"Yes! Yes!"

She runs down in forty-five minutes,

Usually,

And then I tell her how sweet it was  
of her

To call

And hang up."

Tact is wonderful, but somehow,  
When I have something to tell Elsie

now,

I send her night letters.

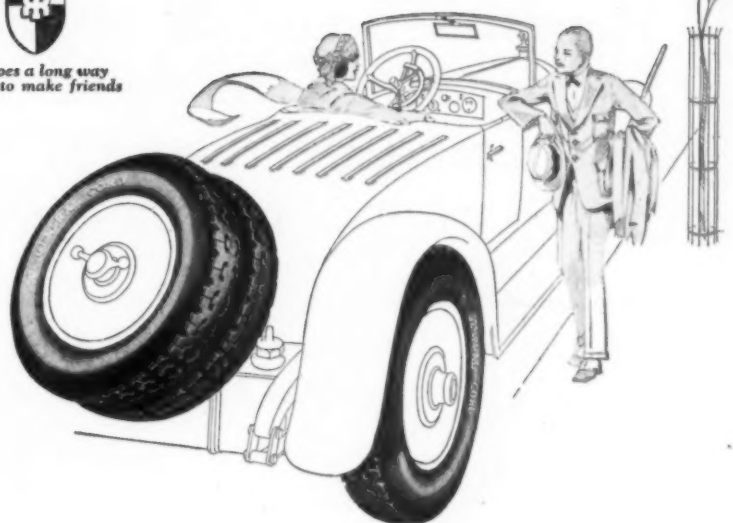
J. K. M.

"WHAT do you think of Jack  
Dempsey's portrait in the Kansas City  
Art Institute?"

"Boy, it's a knockout."



—goes a long way  
to make friends



**A**s beautiful a tire as it is,  
the General Cord could  
never have scored such  
marked success without the  
homely virtue of economy.

## THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

### There's Nothing Like the Healthy Life

By a Summer Resorter

THERE'S nothing in the world like  
the healthy life.

There's nothing that can touch it.

What can equal that feeling upon  
rising every day at noon (or anyway,  
12:30), while all your friends are  
deep in slumber, and tucking away  
two or three "snifters" that set you  
right on your toes?

And, after an enormously heavy  
lunch, embellished with the richest of  
sauces and most potent of libations,  
what is more bracing than several  
strong, black cigars?

There's really nothing like a  
healthy afternoon—an afternoon  
passed in bridge, Mah-Jong, Red  
Dog, Roulette or Russian Bank—to  
the strain of a jazzy phonograph.

By the time the dinner hour ar-  
rives you're ready for another mob  
of cocktails.

After a flying trip in a motor car,  
driven by an inspired youth, what, I

ask you, is as nutritious as the tinkle  
of carousal and the bleat of saxo-  
phones?

It's the very quintessence of health.  
And there's nothing in the world  
like the healthy life.

There's nothing that can touch it.

### Customary

"How do you get along with your  
wife?"

"I misunderstand her perfectly!"

### Clark's 4th Round the World Cruise

from N. Y. Jan. 15th, Westward by specially chartered  
new Cunarder "Laconia," 20,000 tons; oil burning.  
4 mos. \$1000 up including hotels, guides, drives, fees.  
Stop overs in Europe. Visiting Panama Canal. Los  
Angeles, 18 days Japan and China, Java, option 18 days  
in India; Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Europe etc.  
CLARK'S 21st MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Feb. 2,  
specially chartered White Star S. S. "Baltic," 68 days,  
\$600 up, including drives, guides, hotels, fees. 18 days  
Palestine and Egypt.

F. C. Clark Times Building New York



HOW MANY PERSONS  
WILL READ  
THIS COPY OF LIFE?



Shake  
It Into  
Your  
Shoes

Sprinkle  
It Into  
The  
Foot-Bath

© 1923 A. S. O.

### ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing  
Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe,  
relieves the pain of corns, bunions, cal-  
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feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy



At night, when your feet are tired,  
sore and swollen from excessive dancing  
or walking, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease  
in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss  
of feet without an ache.

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds  
of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army  
and Navy during the war. Trial package and a  
Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent Free. Address

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Hands! Thousands of hands, understanding hands, do the skilful work of finishing this remarkable hosiery. And that is one reason why it has long mileage endurance.



Almost human are the long rows of fascinating machines that weave brilliant and sturdy fabrics in our great and modern factories. But for the painstaking work of finishing fine hosiery there is no device that can take the place of the skilful human hand. Hand-finished! Phoenix has become the standard hosiery of the world for men, women and children, because brains and hands are most happily co-ordinated in giving to it that long mileage endurance and tenacious elegance.

# PHOENIX

## HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE





# Life

GERMANY has issued a 500,000-mark note, which will be a big help to the newsboys who have had trouble making change.

\*\*\*

Only 96 per cent. of the American people are below normal intelligence, according to a recent estimate, thus making it impossible to elect Henry Ford President by acclamation.

\*\*\*

The Ford-for-President boom has saved the lives of many paragraphers who had been starving since Ireland and the McCormick family resigned from the front pages.

\*\*\*

Recent foreign developments prove that uneasy lies the Red that wears a crown.

\*\*\*

Posterity is what the Present bequeaths to the Future for the sake of getting itself thoroughly discredited.



"LIAR!"

William T. Tilden, II, says seventeen nations have challenged for the Davis Cup this year. They will contest, of course, upon the World Court.

The Government has asked that its plans concerning the twelve-mile limit be kept secret. Well, why not? The fact that this country is technically dry has been kept secret for four years.

\*\*\*

Arthur Brisbane believes that the new airplane-carrying submarines will end war. As we remember it, Aristotle said much the same thing when King Philip invented the Macedonian Phalanx.

\*\*\*

No Englishwoman, however loyal, would care to have "to the Queen's taste" applied to her new hat.

\*\*\*

The phrase, "Yes, we have no bananas," has reached England. War may be declared at any moment.

\*\*\*

This "Dollar Wheat" that they're all talking about must be buck-wheat.



"I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOUR WIFE WOULD NEVER SMOKE CIGARETTES."

"I DID SAY SO, AND SOMEONE TOLD HER I SAID SO."



John Van Dine

"ARE YOU SURE HE LOVES YOU?"

"ABSOLUTELY. HE OBJECTS TO MY BATHING SUIT."

### Restraint

"WHY don't you pick up that bill?" asked a traveler in Germany who saw a native drop 1,000 marks.

"Ach!" replied the German. "Last week I stooped to pick up such a bill and lost a suspender button. And you can't get a suspender button under 5,000 marks."

### The Classics on Their Golden Thrones

OFTEN weary of the times,  
Wistful for perfect things that die,  
Saddened with wishing that begrimes  
The lovely face of life, I sigh,  
And many a consolation try,  
Fleeing the Present that disowns  
The laurelled Past, and dares decry  
The classics on their golden thrones.

I seek old gardens, where soft chimes  
Fall from old belfries in the sky,  
And gaze on Sidney's moon that climbs  
With sad steps for the lover's eye,  
And dream of chivalries laid by  
In chancels dim with sculptured stones;  
Then to a lamp-lit book go I—  
The classics on their golden thrones.

Ah! then, shut in from modern rhymes,  
I reckon not that the world's awry,  
Yea! I forgive it all its crimes,  
Let it go hang as Haman high—  
Who cares if it be wet or dry!—  
With Shakespeare I forget my groans,  
And Homer gives my fears the lie—  
The classics on their golden thrones.

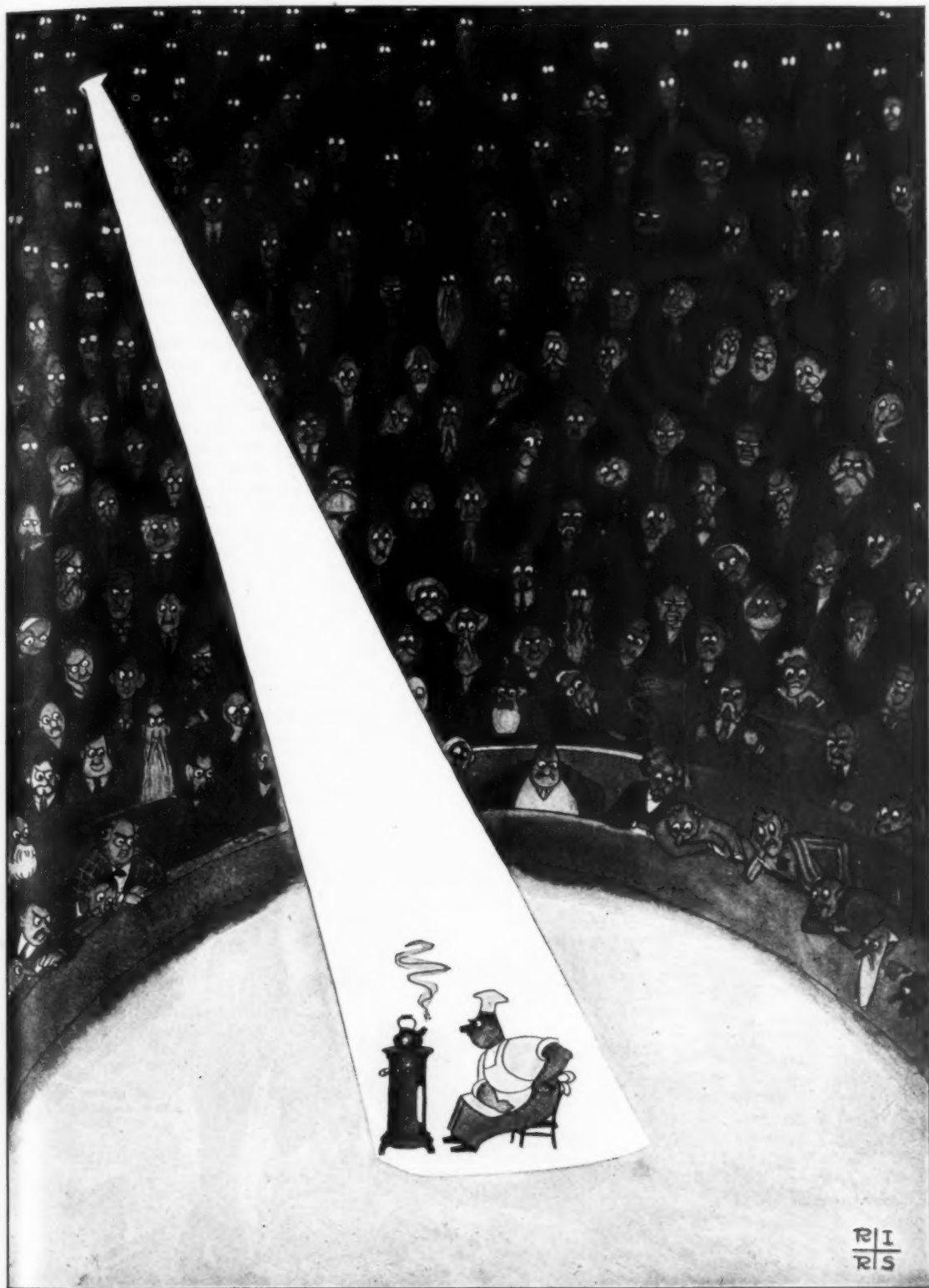
#### Envoi

Prince, when you would the blues defy,  
Flee "Progress" and her megaphones,  
There is a refuge ever nigh—  
The classics on their golden thrones.

Richard Le Gallienne.



"MICKEY, COME HERE!"



THE SKEPTICS' SOCIETY  
INVESTIGATING THE THEORY THAT A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS.



## The Next Feeding Problem for Mr. Hoover

By Don Herold

MRS. HEROLD and I are frankly at our rope's end. We should like to get ideas from other parents or from Mr. Herbert Hoover on methods of tricking or torturing a four-year-old girl into eating her meals. In exchange, we will gladly tell everything we know on the subject of diet for wire-haired terrier puppies.

Any suggestion submitted by Mr. Hoover or others will have to be mighty sophisticated, to have any effect on our little Pansy.

There was a time when she responded to reason. "Don't you want to grow up and be a tall girl like Annie Stokes and smoke cigarettes and everything? Well, you will have

to eat your food if you want to grow up big." We have induced her to eat many a meal so she could grow up and go to Sunday School, Vassar, Montmartre, the Rendezvous, and other interesting places. But lately she has acquired the idea she will grow up without food, and reason fails.

Once we could get her to eat her cereal by asking her to take a bite for each of the dogs in the neighborhood. "Take a bite for Muggins, now one for Mikey Power, now one for Laddie, now one for Roger, now one for Canute Waddleton," etc.

And lists of inanimate objects used to get by. "Take a bite for the coffee-pot, now one for the toaster,

now one for the flower pot, now one for Daddy, now one for the water pitcher," etc. No good, any more.

And relatives, and flowers, and dolls and toys. The list system won't work. (Has to be a mighty funny list. Don't send in any common ideas.)

Counting was good, long ago. "Just twenty-seven bites more. One-awun-awun-awun-un-un—un. Two-oo-ooo-ooooooo—ooooo," etc., dragging out each number as long as possible until the reluctant bite was fooled across the threshold. All in vain, now.

If anybody knows the address of a good academy or eatinggarten, where they will guarantee a certain number of calories per meal, please rush it to us. Or any other suggestions for skinning our little girl into eating her food will be joyously received, whether they come from Mr. Hoover or from lesser lights in the feeding industry. Cereal suggestions especially welcome. We will go so far as to take up some new religion, if other parents have found it efficacious.

## The Lucy-Stone-Junior League

CALLER: And what's your new baby sister's name?

KITTY: We haven't decided on the first name, but I think the last name will be the same as mine.



"DEAR, DEAR—IT'S OCCUPIED!"



## Letters that Ought to Be Written

*To a Coal Dealer.*

DEAR SIR:

Your bill of \$28 for two (2) tons of "coal" is at hand.

In full payment thereof, please accept the enclosed check for \$14. True, it is only half the desired amount, but so was the coal. You can have the remaining 2,000 lbs. of slate, slag and rock salt by calling at my residence any morning.

Yours in name only,—

*To an Autograph Huntress.*

DEAR MADAM (or Miss):

I am happy to accede to your request and send you, at the bottom of this letter, my autograph. At my regular rate of 25c a word, the first and last names will come to 50c. I am throwing in the middle initials and the paper and envelope, though I am afraid I must charge for postage, making a total of 52c net. (Certified, Grade A checks only, accepted.)

Yours, if at all,—

*To a Gentle Reader.*

MY DOVE:

I have the honor to inform you of your election to Honorary Membership in the Authors' Union, and to present you with a vote of thanks for your never-failing amiability.

Gratefully,

A. C. M. Asoy, Jr.

OUR duty to Europe—to call off the Senators.



"CAN DOLLS MARRY?"

"I DON'T KNOW, BUT FATHER SAYS THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW AGAINST MEN MARRYIN' DOLLS."



Sheik: WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I SENT YOU FOR THAT ANIMAL AN HOUR AGO.  
"I HAD TO WALK A MILE TO GET HIM."

John Anderson, Mah Jong

JOHN ANDERSON, Mah Jong,  
John,

When we were first acquant,  
With Authors, Chess and Dominoes  
Our leisure hours we spent.  
I won the Pigs-in-Clover crown,  
Your Euchre game was strong;  
Alas, our pride has fallen down,  
John Anderson, Mah Jong!

Parchesi, Checkers, Crokinole—  
Dear, lucid games of yore!  
You flipped a wicked Tiddly-Wink,  
I fathomed Cribbage lore;  
We've mastered Bridge without a strain,  
Five Hundred and Ping Pong—  
But this is something else again,  
John Anderson, Mah Jong!

C. R. S.

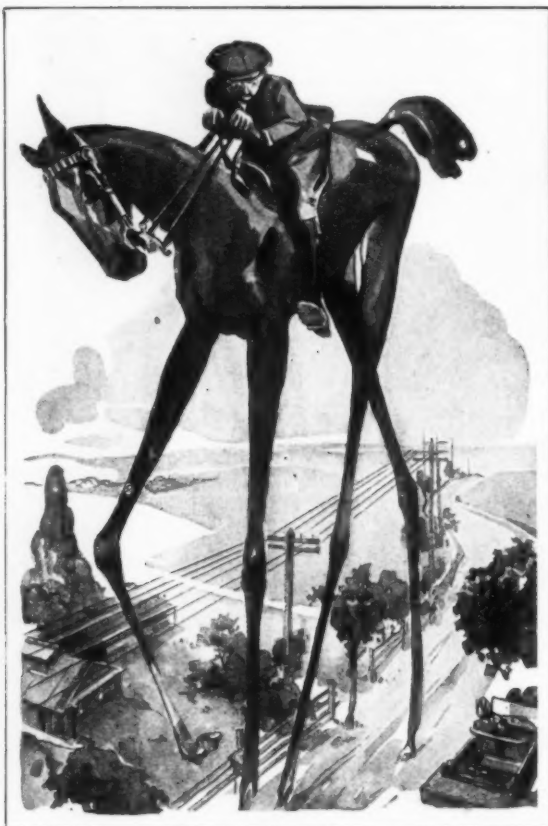


WHAT YOU GET FOR YOUR TEN DOLLARS ON BROADWAY AND—



WHAT THEY GET FOR YOUR TEN DOLLARS ON LIFE'S FARM

*See page 31 for acknowledgments of current contributions to the Fresh Air Fund.*



THAT LEARNING-TO-RIDE FEELING

### Cross-Word Puzzles

SUNDAY used to be a day of peace about the house. Since papers have been printing cross-word puzzles it resembles the offspring of an Edison Questionnaire and the Encyclopædia of Handy and Useful Facts. "Home" is now only "a noun of four letters, signifying a place where one lives."

Scarcely are the breakfast scraps settled, and the papers apportioned, before the attack is opened by the question: "What is 'a singular pronoun of one letter'?"

It is a little galling to have to look in the dictionary to make sure just what a pronoun is, let alone those having no more substance than a single letter. But peace in the family is even more precious.

And then: "What nation is so full of scraps and potatoes that it has given its name to a stew? And, oh yes, it's got to have an I in it." From that time on it is an endurance contest, with the odds all on the puzzle.

We tried to get a measure of revenge by concocting one; but ran out of words and ideas long before we did our squares. There didn't seem to be enough words in the dictionary beginning with Q X and ending in N M.

So we have decided to draw up a few questions upon which the necessary information seems to be lacking, and then offer a prize for the person who can put them into a cross-word puzzle.

1. Are many cross-word puzzle writers suffering from a mental derangement? The answer should have three letters, of which two must be the same.

2. What is the funniest thing in life? No answers will be considered except one of the words of the question.

3. What will be the end of any boy or girl who devotes his or her time to cross-word puzzles? Any word of three letters which rhymes with "glad" will be allowed.

4. Will the lyric writers who fashion our popular songs continue to rhyme "home" and "alone" this year? The winning reply should rhyme with "guess."

Since there are 289 spaces in the ordinary puzzle of this sort, minus those subtracted for the conventional designs in the middle, the fact is apparent that there is no end to the apt and artful arrangements available.

"Try it on your own piano."

*Alfred Harding.*

### To a Friend Who Laughs

LAUGH, and we'll echo laughter,  
Weep, and your friends weep too.  
Now, for all time and after—  
We are your vassals true.  
You are the King of laughter,  
You are the Prince of fun,  
Laugh and we'll laugh hereafter  
As in the days long gone.

Laugh, for our hearts still hunger,  
Fain for your festal fire—  
We, who have known you younger,  
We, who have known you shyer.  
What though the world grows older,  
What though the tears must flow,  
Laugh and our hearts are bolder,  
As in the long ago.

Laughter is kin to loving,  
Laughter is friend to peace,  
Laughter is home when roving,  
Laughter is life's increase.  
You, who are Lord of laughter,  
Lead us to heights above,  
Where for all time and after  
Laughter shall dwell with love.

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.*



"I AIN'T TH' MAN I USED TER BE TEN YEARS AGO."  
"WAL, WHO WAS YE TEN YEARS AGO?"







Boy: BELIEVE ME, HE KNOWS WHO'S MASTER NOW.

### Frustrated

RUB: I suppose you'd like to see your son become a captain of industry.

DUB: Yes, but my wife thinks pugilism is too brutal.

### The New-Voes Are Back

THE New-Voes are just back from abroad.

They've had such an interesting time.

Of course, they occupied the Royal Suite wherever they went.

And they always had several private cars.

And a "special" yacht.

There was something "special" about everything they did.

All their food was "special."

What they drank was "special."

And their bills were especially "special."

They brought back eighty-seven trunks with them.

Though most of their things came later.

They did Europe up brown.

They saw everything there was to be seen.

They did everything there was to be done.

And they spent more in one day than any one else had in a month.

They had the best of everything wherever they went.

And nothing was too good for them.

They visited as many as eleven museums and seven picture galleries in one afternoon.

They took in all the well-known ruins.

And they bought most of the best castles and palaces.

What they don't know about Europe simply isn't worth knowing.

The New-Voes are just back.

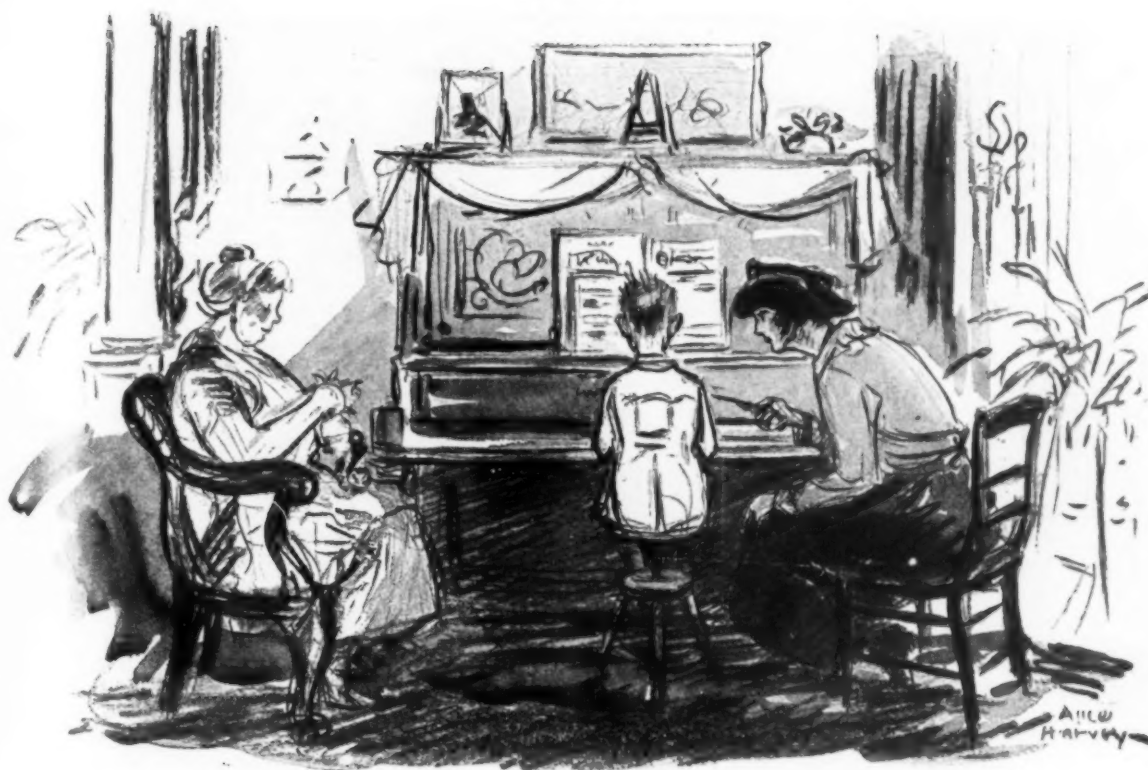
They've had such an interesting time.

C. G. S.



Bystander: FOR A CLEVER WOMAN, MRS. BILTMORE SHOWS ABOMINABLE TASTE IN DRESS.

Artist Friend: ALL PART OF HER CLEVERNESS, MY BOY. ATTENTION TO DETAIL DETRACTS FROM THE MASS.



"DON'T YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MINOR AND THE MAJOR SCALES?"

"YES, THE MINOR SOUNDS WORSE THAN THE MAJOR."

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

August  
16th

All the discourse now is of Coolidge and whether his administration will succeed itself, this statesman and that being analyzed as possible candidates, but Lord! I do hope and pray, even though I be a Republican, that our citizens do choose Henry Ford for President, for then the journals will be full of mirthful news and the breakfast tables of our land will ring with laughter, a fine thing for the national morale. But Samuel, when I did divulge my notion to him, chided me for a zany and asked me what Europe would think of us should we elect Mr. Ford, whereto I replied that it would matter naught what Europe thought forasmuch as she owes us too much money to bespeak her mind in public....To a draper's this day for some table linen, and whilst I was choosing, a woman came up beside me wearing the most seductive perfume that ever I smelled in my life, and I was at some pains to keep from asking her its name. But I did not do so, having always held that there are two things which one female should never ask another: the scent she uses and the name of her dressmaker.

August  
17th

Emmy Billings, whom I have not seen for ten years, to luncheon with me, nor should I have bidden her had I recalled in time her great dullness. Lord! Her talk was so stupid and platitudinous that I was at my wits' end to attend sufficiently to place my Yeas and Nays properly, nor did I

do aught to improve the dialogue, having learned long since that when a *vis-à-vis* begins by asking me if I do not think that life is what we make it, it is as well to give up with no struggle soever. But suddenly Emmy made mention in her monotonous flow of her adroitness in forecasting the future with cards, whereupon I whisked her away from the board, barely allowing her to finish her ice. And she did hold me spellbound with her prophecies until tea time, hinting at great wonders to be unfolded. I do always believe these soothsayers, too, albeit my own state is felicitous enough to need no improvement, for which I thank God—and Sam.

August  
18th

Awake early through the goings-on of my husband, poor wretch, who takes regular occasion these days to advise me as to the investment of the handsome legacy recently come to me from my Aunt Sally, since he knows well of my extravagant temperament through many sorry experiences. He is all for having me put the remainder of it into the stock which has gone up eight points since I bought it against his protest, and he discoursed at length on the beauty and security of a favorably fluctuating stock, but I told him that I preferred adding to my string of pearls, thinking it more satisfactory to have my money around my neck than to read about it in the newspapers. The stock I bought was yeast, and it seemed only natural to me that it should rise.

Baird Leonard.



AUGUST 23, 1923

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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A GREAT deal is not known about the new President. He comes from Massachusetts, which is something in itself remarkable and interesting, and is accordingly a blown-in-the-glass New Englander. Of course we know his general character, how entirely reputable he is, how reticent and averse to expressing opinions on matters not within the scope of his duties. As Vice-President his duties were few and what they required him to say did not disclose very much the working of his political mind. That makes him by so much the more interesting now. He seems like a man in whom there is plenty of fibre, of a positive character, capable of taking a line and holding it, strong in his sense of duty; but how much mental power there is in him, how much political intuition, how much faculty of dealing with men and what capacity for using men to advantage, we know very little. There is no alarm about Mr. Coolidge at all. Everybody thinks he will do his best and believes that his best will be good enough, but just what it will be, how he will function in that great office, remains to be seen, and speculation about it has not much to go on.

It has been borne in once more on the public mind that to be President of the United States is a heavier job than human nature can long endure. Some men make harder work of it than others, but for all of them it is heavy. It is true that neither of the last two Presidents was exceptionally sound in physical condition. Mr. Wilson was a delicate man who by rigid measures kept himself in working order, and only broke down finally under extraordinary exertions. Mr. Harding was more vulnerable

than he seemed, and it is surmised that his death was really due to angina. Mr. Coolidge at fifty-one seems entirely hardy, but will have to order his life with judgment.

For all the time nowadays the demands on the Federal Government are increasing. People who want life improved in these States think the readiest way to get it done is to pass an amendment to the Constitution and make the Federal Government enforce it. Of course the President is not the whole Federal Government, but he touches first or last almost everything the Federal Government has to do.



PERHAPS we shall have to amend the Constitution presently in the interest of Presidents, contriving some relief for them so that they can live their terms out and keep their health. They ought not to take long journeys and make series of speeches. That ought to be done by somebody else. The Romans at one time had duumvirs, two men who shared the highest office. Again they had triumvirs. We might put the Presidency in commission and so divide its duty. Venice was managed that way, but we should have to elect the Commissioners and, of course, to find Commissioners who would agree would not be easy, and the thing of all others that we count on Presidents to do is to make decisions. The idea of duumvirs sounds attractive when one thinks of the possibility of combining Al Smith and Henry Ford in the Presidential office, but the Romans gave up that method and came back to the one-man plan.

We shall have to go on having Presidents and only one at a time. The best thing we can hope to do is

to simplify the machinery of government so that it will be more manageable. Mr. Coolidge is a quiet man. Perhaps he will help us to a new understanding of the possibilities of life in the White House, and of what Presidents should do, and of what they should let alone.



WOMEN who visit the Pope must come in high neck and long sleeves. So the papers report, and tell of a group of visitors more fashionably attired who were lately denied admittance.

That's all very well. Surely the Pope may regulate the costumes of his visitors, if he likes, just as the department stores may stipulate for a prescribed minimum of clothing on their salesgirls. The papers said, however, that His Holiness wished to support the activity of his Bishops against present fashions.

Fashions for women may be good or bad, but the last body to regulate them is surely the clergy, and especially a celibate clergy. Fashions are not intended to promote celibacy, but quite the opposite. Present fashions are not bad. We see the ladies somewhat more in detail than we did, but it doesn't hurt us. We soon get used to it, and certainly it makes for the decoration of life.

Covering women up as much as possible may be a churchman's way of guarding morals, but is not an effective way. It has been tried abundantly and repeatedly but has never done morals any permanent good. Women are not only entitled to have bodies, but to bring it to notice, if they like, that they have them. Who would deny them that right comes promptly into conflict with human nature. Church influence may sometimes be useful in checking temporary extravagance of dress, but usually it shows very little judgment about clothes. Even the police do a little better.

The great reform in women's clothes that may some time come when the world is wiser, or maybe poorer, concerns not modesty, but economics. The constant change in the fashions is immensely wasteful, and seems to be the result of a sort of perennial conspiracy between manufacturers of dress goods and dressmakers.

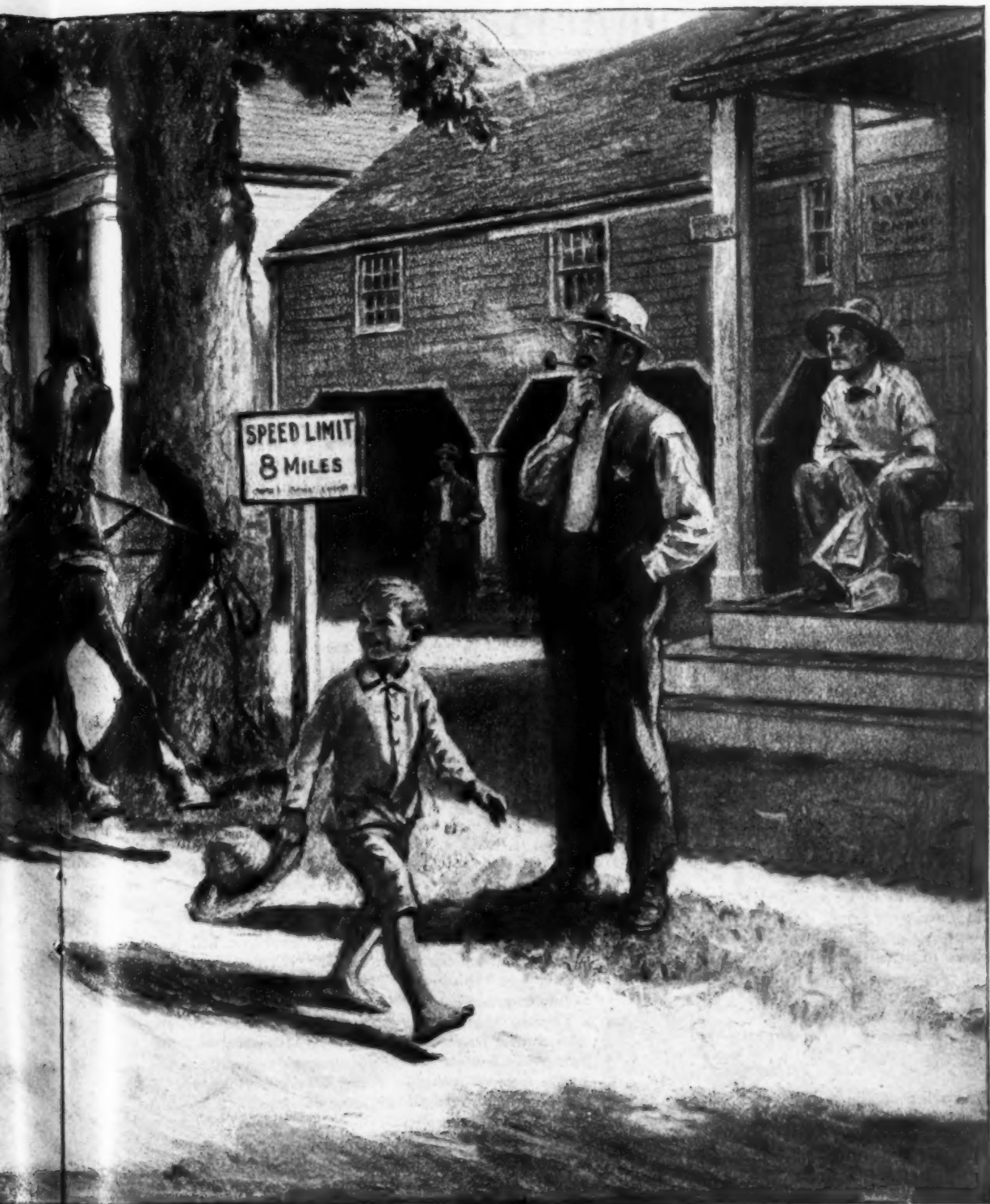
E. S. Martin.





THE WINNER OF THE BOK PEACE PRIZE GOES TO COLLECT THE \$100,000









### Opening March

YOU wouldn't believe that it was possible for two plays as thin and as similar as "In Love with Love" and "Two Fellows and a Girl" both to live on the same street. And yet they do, and from all indications they are living pretty well, too. The answer is that they are both good entertainment.

"In Love with Love" is better than "Two Fellows and a Girl" in our estimation, but in the script it must have tasted rather tepid. Without detracting too much from the author of both plays, Mr. Vincent Lawrence, we must give a great deal of credit for the fun of "In Love with Love" to the four leading characters as played by Lynn Fontanne, Ralph Morgan, Henry Hull and Robert Strange. And to the excellent direction of Robert Milton.

Miss Fontanne is simply grand as the girl who has so many suitors that she finally has to pick out a non-combatant and propose to him herself. A little touch of *Dulcy* bleating creeps in now and again, but there is really no reason why *Ann Jordan* shouldn't have been a *Dulcy*. She ought to be anything that Lynn Fontanne wants to make her.



Ralph Morgan, playing the engineer who is driven in a winner by the young lady, has an ingratiating quality which is difficult to analyze but which transforms the most banal of hero's lines into a direct appeal to the contracting muscles in your throat. Sometime, when he has a part with some real pathos in it, he is going to have this section of the critical press sobbing as if its little heart would break.

It is also a pleasure to announce, in speaking of the cast of "In Love with Love," that Henry Hull has reversed the favorite process of Nature and is easily twelve years younger than he was last year.

All in all, you can't go very far wrong in seeing "In Love with Love."



OWING to a little engine trouble just north of Albany, this department reached the opening performance of "Thumbs Down" along about nine-forty-five. As we entered the foyer we heard a shot fired on the stage. Rushing hurriedly to our seat, we tried to catch up with the plot and figure out who had been killed by whom, and, if possible, why. Following is the evidence. Do with it as you see fit, Mr. District Attorney.

Our first view of the stage disclosed a young man

embracing some girl-friend of his, just as a policeman entered the room. "I killed Sheridan," said the young man quietly, handing a gun to the officer. Then the curtain came down and everybody went out into the lobby.



CONCLUSIVE as this sounded, the author evidently thought that something more was needed, for there was another act scheduled. It was a very hot night, and since the young man had said that *he* killed Sheridan, it seemed as if they might have taken him at his word and called the show off. But, as there had as yet been no scene in the office of the District Attorney, they naturally couldn't stop. The next scene was in the office of the District Attorney.

We gathered from the conversation between the Public Prosecutor and a gentleman in a Court of Appeals cut-away who seemed to be somebody's father, that "Larry is high-strung, quick-tempered, and loyal to the core." So far, so good.

Then a young lady came in and cried a good deal. She didn't seem to know exactly what it was that she wanted, and we certainly were in no position to help her decide. Once she said that *she* killed Sheridan. Then they brought Larry in and he repeated his statement that *he* killed Sheridan. Once the District Attorney seemed on the point of confessing that *he* had killed Sheridan, but that would have been too silly. Sheridan, however, was evidently dead.



THINGS went on and on, with strange names being introduced into the conversation and an occasional character entering to say that another bullet had been found embedded somewhere. The District Attorney's answer to all this was to open his mouth very wide and say nothing.

Then in came a lady whom we had never seen before, who said: "Don't call her Queenie Sheridan, call her Jane Ward," surely a reasonable enough request to make. But it threw Somebody's Father into a terrible state of nerves and he cried: "What—your daughter?" "Yes—and yours!" came the reply.

This brought the curtain down, and as the whole thing seemed to be satisfactorily explained, we thought the show was over and went home. Imagine our surprise to read in the papers next morning that there was still another act. It probably had something to do with the question of who killed Sheridan, but we expect never to know.

Robert C. Benchley.



## CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

### More or Less Serious

**The Breaking Point.** *Klaw*—To be reviewed later.

**The Fool.** *Times Square*—Last weeks of this successful venture in theatrical religion.

**Rain.** *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in the remarkable rôle of the prostitute who got religion up to a certain point. See it by all means.

**Red Light Annie.** *Morosco*—To be reviewed later.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth*—Deckle-edge Paris, with acting to match.

**Sun Up.** *Provincetown*—Intensive drama among poor whites.

**Thumbs Down.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

### Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—Showing that there is a place for everything in this best of all possible worlds.

**Aren't We All.** *Gaiety*—Cyril Maude in a trifling but exceedingly pleasant English bit.

**The Devil's Disciple.** *Garrick*—Amusing when Shaw gets into his stride along about the last act.

**The Good Old Days.** *Broadhurst*—To be reviewed next week.

**In Love with Love.** *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Mad Honeymoon.** *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

**Merton of the Movies.** *Cort*—The now-famous satire on the making of motion-pictures, with Glenn Hunter adding a splendid pathos.

**Tweddles.** *Frazee*—To be reviewed later.

**Two Fellows and a Girl.** *Vanderbilt*—Everyday romance made easy to bear.

**The Whole Town's Talking.** *Bijou*—To be reviewed later.

**Zander the Great.** *Empire*—Alice Brady, a band of bootleggers and the heart of a child. Last week.

**Zeno.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed later.

### Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Adrienne.** *George M. Cohan's*—Just about what you have always got, aided by Richard Carle, Billy B. Van and Vivienne Segal.

**Dew Drop Inn.** *Astor*—Chiefly notable during the matchless dancing of James Barton.

**Helen of Troy.** *N. Y.* *Selwyn*—Some excellent kidding of collar advertising, well done.

**Little Jessie James.** *Longacre*—To be reviewed later.

**Passing Show of 1923.** *Winter Garden*—Fairly hilarious entertainment, well above Winter Garden average.

**Scandals of 1923.** *Globe*—Pleasing to the eye.

**Vanities of 1923.** *Earl Carroll*—The incomparable Joe Cook and several other hearty laughs, including Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

**Wildflower.** *Casino*—You can't beat it for music.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Much the same as last year, with Jimmy Huxsey adding distinction to the comedy and Ann Pennington adding you know what.

## The Last Rose of Summer

THE last rose of summer was blooming quite alone, as the modern summer flapper passed. "What a ridiculous flower!" the flapper observed. "Roses are quite out of date, nowadays, and besides, it's not the season for them." But the rose merely nodded a smile, and swayed to and fro as the snatch of a breeze wafted by. "That reminds me," reflected the flapper aloud, "I must order some orchids at once—some wonderfully unnatural orchids, though I do think Geoffrey might send them to me—and some more of that lip rouge, and mascaro, a little cosmetic, a few eyebrow pencils, some face powder, that new liquid white, and more henna. What an absurd flower that rose really is!" And the little rose seemed to shake with laughter. Indeed, it shook so hard that its head drooped till it touched the ground and, when the gardener examined it the next morning, he found that it was no more. The last rose of summer had died laughing. C. G. S.

### Jonesville Must Have Service

"I HAVE to wait over a day to see one of my oldest customers," said the gray-haired traveling salesman, dropping into a rocker outside the New Trianon Hotel in Jonesville. "I called on him to-day but he had just got back from a vacation and was all worn out.

"It seems the hotel where he has been stopping is too noisy. That amused me. I remember when he always went to the hotel across the street from the railroad station and twenty switch engines couldn't keep him awake if his room didn't cost more than a dollar.

"He had to take rooms on the tenth floor when he wanted to be on the twenty-fifth so he could get some

air. That tickled me, too. He used to be so afraid of high places that when he would go to the circus and Captain Bailey would make his high dive he'd have to look the other way.

"But he's enjoying his misery thoroughly and I know that he'll come down to-morrow, tell me what a grand sleeping porch he has and give me a big order. But Jonesville people must have service."

McC. H.



LIFE (to A. S. L.): WHERE DO YOU GET THAT STUFF?

On July 24th, the Anti-Saloon League threatened the New York legislature with dire penalties if it dared to investigate the League, despite the fact that such an investigation is being demanded by the Grand Jury.



ECTOPLASM

"DOBBS there claims to be a self-made man."  
"He's a poor advertisement of his products!"

## Facts and Figures

THE whole trouble with us here in America is that we don't think. Take summer, for instance. To most of us—or you—summer is simply summer, just as golf is simply golf, or croquet simply terrible. Yet to him, her or it of an active mentality, the annual months of June, July and August offer not only June bugs, mosquitoes and locusts, but interesting employment for the contemplative mind.

You probably do not realize that:

All the golf, swimming and tennis trophies won since July 4th would reach from the Nantucket Lightship to Cape Finisterre if laid end to end along the bottom of the Atlantic, where 93.5 per cent. of them ought to be laid.

To date, 879 theatrical producers have promised 12,000 plays for autumnal production. Of these a gross total of 9 will be produced, some grosser than others.

The 1920 commission appointed to determine a fitting rejoinder to the remark, "It's not the heat, it's the humidity," has been unable to come to any decision, and has disbanded.

2,168 miles of non-absorbent cotton mosquito netting cloth were supplied as towels in the bath houses at the beach casinos.

During the hot spell in New York City, every sixth person meeting a friend, or friends, asked: "Well, is it hot enough for you?" Of this number, however, only 32 are known to have died violent enough deaths.

A. C. M. A., Jr.



Singleton Lion: DO YOU FELLOWS MIND IF I PLAY THROUGH?  
"CERTAINLY NOT—GO RIGHT AHEAD, SIR."



*Rastus:* WHA'S DAT, A BIRD DOG?

*Sambo:* SURE IS. HE'S DONE GOT EVERYTHIN' 'CEPT WINGS.

### Adam at His Worst

THE worst sin that Adam committed against the race was when he named the various objects in the Garden. To that sin of Adam's can be directly traced the custom of naming majestic mountain peaks for Civil War generals and members of Congress.

If Adam had not gone about naming things there would not be in our day and age people who insist on knowing the name of every flower in the garden. Neither should we have the people who attach long and unpronounceable names to the smallest and most fragile flowers.

The commonest remark made by passengers on trains is: "I wonder what's the name of that river?" When some one tells them the name, they say, "Oh."

The names painted on summer cottages alone are enough to discredit the whole science of nomenclature.

Many happy homes have been clouded o'er with strife when it became necessary to select the child's middle name. After a bitter com-

promise has been reached, the child is called "Junior" or "Precious."

Once a waterfall was not named Bridal Veil, but the Supreme Court held the act unconstitutional. S. K.

### The Inner Mandate

HOME ECONOMICS EXPERT: Do you have a balanced diet?

INVALID: Yes, but sometimes I get so hungry I have to eat.



BRIGHAM YOUNG GETS HIS WIVES A COLD DRINK



## Life and Letters

THERE is a rumor that will not down to the effect that Havelock Ellis is the most civilized living Englishman. (That means mentally civilized, let me hasten to add for the sake of those in whom the imminence of the moving season may have wakened doubt as to the value of Western material civilization.) His latest book, "The Dance of Life" (Houghton Mifflin), substantiates this report considerably.

Mr. Ellis happens to be my own Great Emancipator. When I began to suspect certain principles which had been incorporated into my moral education, I was not a strong enough mental insurgent to figure them out for myself. Then I came across "The New Spirit," and from that day forth life was entirely different.

Living is an art, as everybody over thirty years old ought to know, and Mr. Ellis further unfolds his philosophy of it in this new book which indicates that Beauty, in spite of his amazing erudition, will be with him always.

Here, by the way, is a sentence that the lawyers for publishers haled into court by censors would do well to read to the jury: "There is no occasion for any one who has written a 'moral' book to be unduly elated, or when he is told that his book is 'immoral' to be unduly cast down. The significance of these adjectives is strictly limited. Neither the one nor the other can have more than the faintest effect on the march of the great compact majority of the social army."

"THE LONE WINTER," by Anne Bosworth Greene (Century), is the sort of thing that confirmed subscribers to the *Atlantic Monthly* eat up. A diary account of exciting life on a New England farm, where the appearance of a man to repair a drain is a headline event and throws the ladies of the household into a flutter. All the animals have trick names and are spoken to and of as human beings. Some of the Lares and Penates are named too, the and-irons being Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. (This book has determined

me never again to refer to my two sable skins as Castor and Pollux. I shall speak of them in the future as "my neckpiece.") The diarist is so worried over the brush fence and the colts and sweet peas that she has little time to read Stevenson, much less to write. I can give you a fair idea of her style by mentioning that "The Lone Winter" has more than a thousand times its quota of exclamation points.

MICHAEL ARLEN, about whose "Piracy" I was so enthusiastic in the last department, now offers "These Charming People" (Collins, London), a collection of delightful stories and sketches woven around the same set of characters. Isn't that a stunning title? The contents do not betray it, either. And Mr. Arlen's style! Airy, sophisticated, and yet so sure. He isn't standing tiptoe in a place where he cannot stand with two stable feet, as Browning suggests so many people try to do. This book is, like his other, full of flashes. One of them is a new interpretation of Monna Lisa's smile. "If Mary Stuart had seen the portrait of Monna Lisa she would have whispered: 'She is thinking that men are but moments in a woman's life, and she is right.'" Jazz is defined as the "asinine blare which is the punishment of England for having lost America."

I do hope that Mr. Arlen is an industrious young man



HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, OF THE NEW YORK *World*  
 Sketched by Roland Young

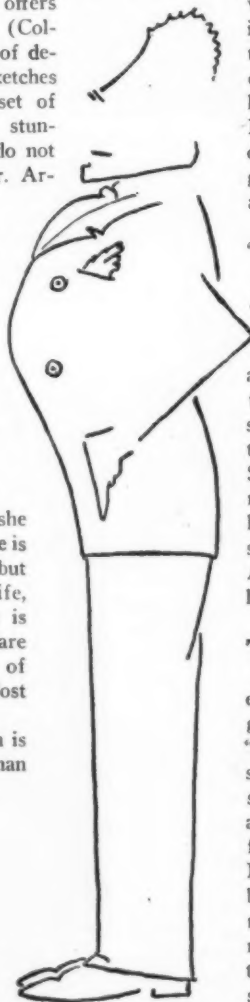
who stays home all the time working on his manuscripts, with no more diversion than a daily walk and one evening a week at bridge or the theatre. If so, it won't be too long between books.

"LADY INTO FOX," by David A. Garnett (Knopf), is exquisite fantasy. When I read at the outset that Mrs. Tebrick had been suddenly changed into a small red fox, I said to myself, "This will never do—I can't go on with such stuff!" But I found myself going on with it, and what is more, I finished it before I slept, although it was then two o'clock and I had come home tired from a party. It was, you see, perfectly done. And fantasy, to get by at all, must be exactly that.

"WITHOUT CONDITIONS," by Agnes Mure Mackenzie (Doubleday, Page), is not, as you may think, a treatise on college entrance, but a modern story in a Victorian setting about a charming Scotch girl. Which is so much better than if it had been a Victorian story in a modern setting. As it so easily might have been.

THE unpublished stories of the late Katherine Mansfield have been gathered into a book, "The Doves' Nest" (Constable, London). Only six of the twenty-one are complete, but the fragments which Miss Mansfield left behind are beautiful, and indicative not only of her unique method of work but of the loss the literary world suffered through her untimely death.

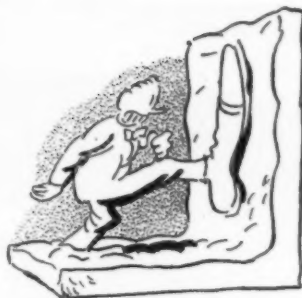
Diana Warwick.







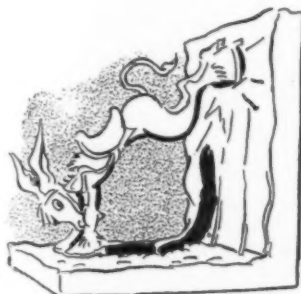
FOR A HARD DRINKER



FOR A CHRONIC KICKER



FOR A CHORUS GIRL



FOR A MULE OWNER



FOR A HANDY MAN  
AROUND THE HOUSE



FOR A TRAFFIC COP



FOR A RECKLESS DRIVER



FOR A GOAT FANCIER



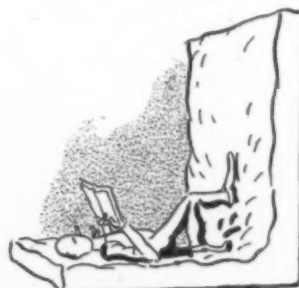
FOR A FOOTBALL MAN



FOR A BOOKWORM

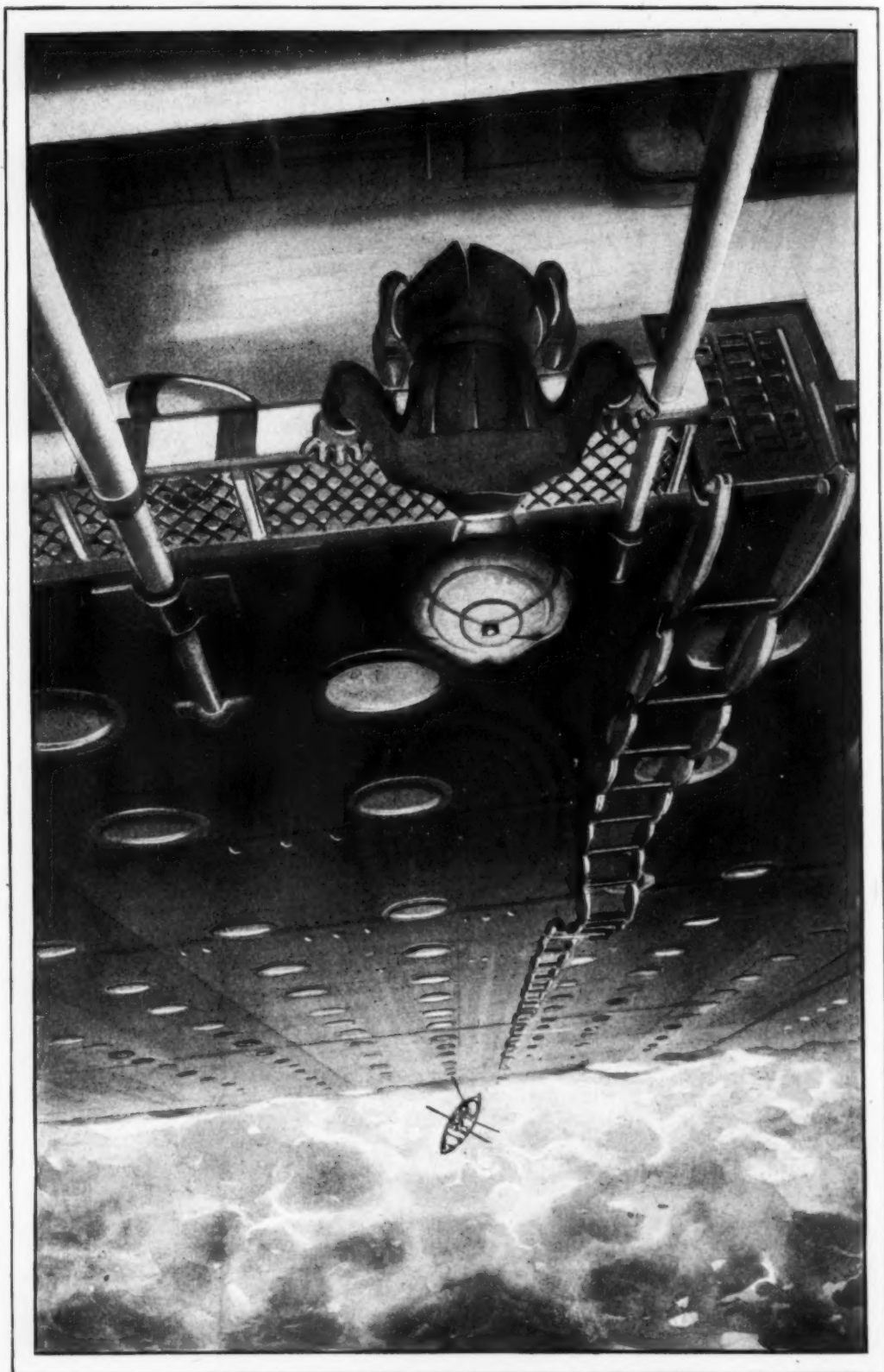


FOR AN ACROBAT



FOR AN IDLER

DESIGNS FOR APPROPRIATE BOOK-ENDS



AS IT LOOKS TO THE MAN WHO HAS TO GO ASHORE

## The Ballad of Bosh

HER name was Marian Claribel Lee,  
And she dwelt with her aged dad,  
For her uncles all had been drowned  
at sea;  
'Twas a way that her uncles had.  
And whenever the south wind swept  
the lea  
It made her feel quite bad.

The vicar came on his big roan mare,  
And his face it was drawn and pale,  
For the Bishop had told him to visit  
there,  
And to ask if she'd got his mail,  
For the maiden was young and was  
passing fair,  
Though her uncles had gone to Yale.

"Oh, tell me, Marian Claribel Lee,  
Oh, tell me," the vicar cried.  
"Why the Bishop pines for the love  
of thee,  
While you mourn for the three that  
died?"  
But the maiden, never a word said  
she,  
As she gazed at the sea and sighed.

"They say that the King rides far  
to-night,"  
Cried the vicar in anguished tone,  
"But the Queen, she weeps in the  
sad moonlight  
By the tomb of Sir Guy de Bohn."  
"Oh, go," said the maid, "from out  
my sight,  
For my heart it is turned to stone!"

Then up rose Marian Claribel Lee,  
Where she lay on the icy ground,  
And she plunged headlong in the  
surging sea,  
And undoubtedly was drowned.  
So her father invited the Queen to  
tea;  
But the jewels were never found.

Newman Levy.



"HERE, DON'T TAKE THAT TAXI. WAIT FOR A FORD. I HAVE  
A BOTTLE OF COCKTAILS IN MY POCKET AND THEY NEED  
SHAKING UP."

## The Committee on the Millennium

THE Committee on the Millennium  
at its last meeting took up the  
question of independence, with special  
reference to stabilization of supply  
and demand.

It was pointed out that many of the  
most distressing ills were directly at-  
tributable to too much independence  
at one time and not enough of it at  
another, there being apparently no at-  
tempt to regulate production.

A report was read setting forth the  
need of an International Board or  
Commission consisting of 13 or 27

members which should conduct an ex-  
haustive survey of the independence  
situation throughout the world, with a  
view to establishing closer relations  
between the principal centers of pro-  
duction and consumption.

After declaring its unqualified ap-  
proval of independence in principle,  
the Committee on the Millennium ad-  
journed.

## The Brighter Lexicon

"THERE'S no such word as can't."  
"You said it."



"MY WIFE!"



"WELL, I'VE SOAKED SNAKES BEFORE  
WITH THIS MASHIE."



"HENRY, YOU REMEMBER BETTY BROWN  
—FANCY MEETING HER HERE."

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## "Little Old New York"

AS is well known to the occasionally constant readers of this department, Marion Davies is not a prime favorite of mine. Although I try to be as fair and impartial as I can without losing my membership card in the human race, I must admit that I had rather part with a few teeth than extend any praise to Marion Davies.

"Little Old New York," however, compels me to break down and confess that Miss Davies has become an actress of considerable versatility, substantial vigor and genuine charm. With that sentence go several important molars.

Indeed, "Little Old New York" is a worthy effort in almost every respect. It is over-long, to be sure, and its early reels are devoid of meat; but it has great atmospheric beauty, and it achieves moments of real drama when it finally arrives at a climax.

THE period of the piece is 1807, and the scene Manhattan Island. It was a different town in those days; in fact, the only points of similarity between New York of 1807 and New York of 1923 are the incompetency of the police force and the fact that many of the stores are called "shoppes."

The high spot of the picture is a prize-fight in a fire-house, which is actually an animation of an old print. Sidney Olcott has staged this scene with great skill, and the two combatants are admirably played by Louis Wolheim and Harry Watson.

PERHAPS I have been misjudging Marion Davies all these years. It is possible that my antipathy has been inspired more by the appreciations of her art in the Hearst papers than by any deficiency of her own.

## "The Spoilers"

ALL the rugged dramas of the great Northwest that are presented in the course of a year date back to the production of Rex Beach's story, "The Spoilers."

It was one of the first great feature pictures, and grizzled movie fans are still talking of the fight between William Farnum and Tom Santschi which provided its most potent punch. These two stalwart Thespians gave the film patrons their first taste of human blood, and the demand for gore has been insatiable ever since.

"The Spoilers" has been revived, with an all-star cast, and unlike most movies of an elder day, it comes out well in the renovation process. Although we have seen since then many sub-titles in which the hero exclaims, "I'll break you with my two hands"—and makes good his threat—this tussle remains the most gruelling of all. As performed in the 1923 edition of "The Spoilers" by Milton Sills and Noah Beery, it is horribly, brutally realistic.

It may well be complained that "The Spoilers," in its present form, is incoherent and involved; but no one cares. The punch is the thing, and "The Spoilers" possesses plenty of that.

## "Trilby"

ANOTHER late revival is "Trilby," which was done originally by Clara Kimball Young, and is now repeated by Richard Walton Tully with a new French star, Andrée Lafayette, in the title rôle.

I cannot say for "Trilby" what I have just said for "The Spoilers." Unless my memory has failed, and my standards changed for the worse, Miss Young's "Trilby" was exceedingly good, whereas Mlle. Lafayette's is woefully bad.

The present production reproduces the flavor of the Quartier Latin in the days before Montmartre became a feature of every Cook's Tour, but it fails to retain the spirit of Du Maurier's novel. The Parisian Bohemians are no more than average Greenwich Village roisterers.

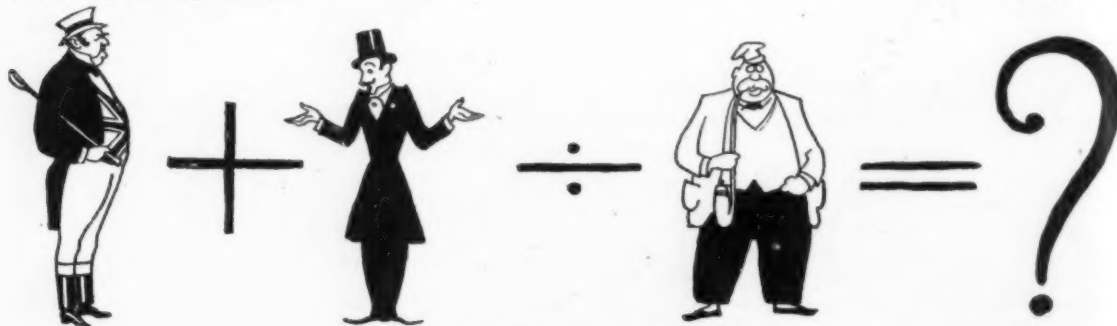
There is one other aspect of "Trilby" which is particularly distressing: it gives movie theatre organists a chance to play "Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," at least four times a reel. I have been reminded of Ben Bolt's forgetfulness too often, and I will gladly subscribe to any fund for the purpose of sending him to a memory school.

## "Homeward Bound"

THERE are just three things in "Homeward Bound"—Thomas Meighan, a shipwreck scene and Lila Lee—which are sufficient to guarantee its entertainment value.

Aside from these, it is pretty feeble fodder.

Robert E. Sherwood.



A PROBLEM IN SIMPLE EUROPEAN ARITHMETIC





## 20 of the world's finest Turkish cigarettes for 30¢—*a triumph in volume production*



*Try them tonight  
for your Luxury Hour*

—that easy chair hour  
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entitled to life's best

**PALL MALL Specials**  
New size—plain ends only  
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price  
of PALL MALL Regulars  
[cork tip]



Wherever men smoke, Pall Mall is known as the aristocrat among cigarettes. Its exquisite blend of the choicest Turkish tobaccos has never been successfully rivaled.

Now Pall Mall comes to you in a new size package—priced so moderately that even the thriftiest may smoke it consistently—a super-value Pall Mall—made possible by greater output and new efficiency in manufacture.

"A shilling in London—a quarter here." The world

has gladly paid that for ten Pall Mall "Regulars." But a nickel more buys 20 of the new Pall Mall Specials—slightly smaller in girth, and with plain ends, but with the inimitable Pall Mall quality left intact.

Try them tonight in your easy-chair hour: that hour after the day's work, when men demand the most from a cigarette. Give Pall Mall the "Luxury Hour" test. Soon you'll smoke them exclusively. New size in plain ends only. 20 for 30c.

# 20 for 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 35¢



### Our Covered Wagons

"I wish," objected an old man with white whiskers flowing over his chest, "I wish that we could get some fast transportation in this country."

"I'm tired of having to ride a whole day just to go a thousand miles."

—Topeka Capital.

### Her Work

"Mother, was daddy a poor man when he married you?"

"Yes, my darling. And now see the money I made it necessary for him to make."—Detroit Free Press.

### May June Be More Lucky!

Ad in Brooklyn paper: "Chance for June bride; 1923 May bride selling beautiful home."—Boston Transcript.

THE DOG MAN: Pedigree dawgs, ladies—that's what these are: I've jest refused five 'underd pounds fer their stepmother.—The Magpie (London).



"HAVEN'T YOU A LANDSCAPE OF YOURS FOR SALE?"

"N-NO, BUT COULD YOU COME BACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES?"

—Buen Humor (Madrid).

### Ransom

Under Prohibition many New York hotels have increased their charges for various items of attendance. An American was explaining these charges to an English visitor. "And then, of course," he concluded, "there's the Hat Boy."

"Who's he?" asked the Englishman.

"He's the fellow you give your hat to when you come in and buy it back from when you go out."

—London Daily Express.

### The School of Marriage

"After all, my dear, one of a pair of lovers is always more deeply in love—and that is the one that suffers."

"Yes, but the other one is the bored party—and I find that thought consol-ing."—La Vie Parisienne.

JUBBS: What's wrong with Smith?

NUBBS: Nervous breakdown, I guess.

"What? Has he taken his vacation already?"—American Legion Weekly.

It's questioned who has supremacy of the air. To date the air has.

—Dallas News.

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The WALES

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It isn't enough for your shoe to be shapely. It must be the shape of YOUR foot.

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# HOO-DYE

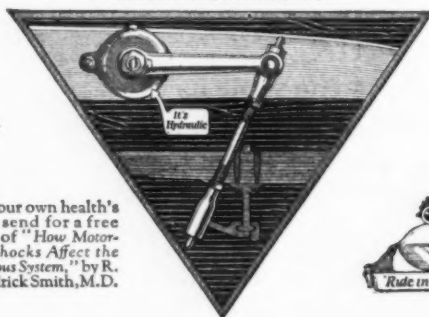
For the Comfort  
Beyond the Power of Springs

Soft springs, stiff springs, good roads, bad roads, high speeds, low speeds—the Hoo-Dye Hydraulic Spring Control successfully meets and masters every condition of motor travel.

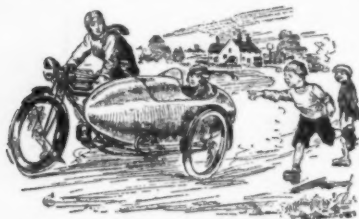
Constructed on a positive double acting principle, found in no other device, and combining the best features of the old fashioned snubber with the simple, powerful hydraulic check, Hoo-Dyes supply a long felt need of car owner and manufacturer.

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*Manufactured by Houda Eng. Corp.*



For your own health's sake send for a free copy of "How Motor-ing Shocks Affect the Nervous System," by R. Kendrick Smith, M.D.



"HI, GUV'NOR, YER EGG'S 'ATCHED OUT!"

—Pearson's Magazine (London).

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### His Repertoire

He was very quiet during the first part of the dinner, and everyone forgot that he was there. As dessert was being served, however, the host told a story.

When he had finished and the laughter had ceased, his little son exclaimed delightedly:

"Now, Father, tell the other one."

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

### Resolute Measures

"So the engagement is off?"

"Yes. She was so indignant when she heard about what he'd done that she tore off her engagement-ring and flung it onto her right hand."

—Bulletin (Sydney).

"JOE KIRKWOOD, the Australian, who has America and who has not returned there, spent most of the past two years in today as arranged."—Weekly Paper.

Well, you can't own America without hustling.—Punch.

### Equal to Emergencies

Private Bluffer was made an acting corporal (he told them he'd had "previous experience"), and the next day was drilling his seven victims when he saw the looney approaching. Here was his chance to show his stuff.

All went well until, in his enthusiasm, he gave them "Parade rest" and immediately followed this up with "Forward march." His men milled around, uncertain what to do. With the eye of the officer boring a hole in his back, it was up to Bluffer to do some quick thinking.

"Aha!" he bellowed to the unhappy squad. "I fooled you! It can't be done."—American Legion Weekly.

### "Retiring from Business"

An old Hebrew was dying. His family gathered at his bedside, and as the old man was breathing his last they asked him to tell them the names of the people who owed him money. This he did, naming one by one about a dozen debtors.

"Now, Father"—the son bent over him—"tell us the names of the people to whom you owe money."

"They should die and tell you," the old gentleman replied.—Metropolitan.

### Nonconformity

The world is full of more or less diverting situations and the minister's little boy is out there in front of the house at this very moment, playing rum runner.—Ohio State Journal.

### Revived

In a court case not long ago, the Frenchman's description of a bathing dress was referred to, viz.: "Something that begins nowhere and ends at once."

—Boston Transcript.



TRADE MARK REG.  
U. S. PAT. OFF.

Time to Re-tire?  
Buy

# FISK



## LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-six years. In that time it has expended \$221,827.60 and has given a fortnight in the country to 44,323 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 398 Madison Ave., New York City.

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair stringy or streaky, nothing to wash or rub off. Restored color even and perfectly natural in all lights, no danger of streaking or discoloration. Faded hair or hair discolored by unsatisfactory dyes restored just as safely and surely as naturally gray hair.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... Auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light Auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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## Protests of an Inoffensive Man

I AM a sincere admirer of the American people and concede them the right of traveling across the continent in Fords or even less; but in return I claim a reciprocal right to abuse my health and outrage my family in my own way.

If, instead of enduring the hardships of the prairie schooner compensated by none of its comforts, I choose on my annual outing to live of my wife and children by the semi-barbaric conditions imposed by cottaging on an inland lake in which fish were observed just prior to the Civil War, I challenge anybody's right to censure me or speak contemptuously of my judgment.

The drop of fanaticism natural to every man becomes a disturbing and dangerous reality when he makes a

transcontinental motor trip without leaving the bones of any of his party bleaching on the plains. He is likely to expect the summary execution of all who suggest there may have been an hour or so of discomfort. This is intolerance of the worst sort. Every American has a right to choose his own mode of summer discomfort without hindrance. *McC. H.*

**Belt \$1.00**  
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Glover Belt Chain—beautiful hammered silver front with initial. Just the right length to reach from belt to watch-pocket. Price, \$1.00  
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### *Do You Wear Clothes in September?*

**W**E hope so; in any case, you will be eager to see LIFE'S Fashion Number (out September 13th), which contains all that you want to know about Fall Styles. With no advance in prices, we shall give you spicy information on what the Well Dressed Man (or woman) will wear and what he (or she) wouldn't wear—on a bet.

Whether you buy your clothes from Paul Poiret or Sears-Roebuck, you will find the correct instructions in LIFE'S Fashion Number. It is cut from the latest pattern of burlesque humor, and is guaranteed to wear until the first rainy day.

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**Life**



## Her Qualifications

"MAY BURTON is a terrible liar," observed James, my faithful wife.

"Draws a long bow, eh?" I sagely responded.

"You can't believe a word she says. She'll tell you things that never happened."

"So will any good newspaper."

"But this is abnormal. She won't call a spade a spade. To May, it has to be a platinum punch ladle. Facts don't exist with her."

"Still, this idiosyncrasy carried to its ultimate should have its value."

"Perhaps. But goodness, it's disconcerting. I went to a simple little tea with May, the other afternoon. When I heard her retell the event she had included four people that hadn't even been invited, let alone having been there, repeated verbatim a conversation that never took place, described her idea of what the refreshments were—which they were not—and re-furnished the house with non-existent ornaments."

"My! my!" said I.

"She'll tell you all about places she's never been to and what happened there. She'll distort a movie or a play beyond all recognition."

"Ts! Ts!" I murmured, or words to that effect.

"I wouldn't play bridge with her for anything. Why, she always holds all the honors. At least, she insists she does."

"Something should be done about it."

"May is a terrible liar," persisted James.

"So you said."

"She ought," my loving spouse concluded, with a far-away look in her lovely eyes that may have been directed at me, "she ought to be a writer."

H. W. H.



Millions of American women voted for President in 1920 and are finding time to take active interest in civic affairs

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C. G. S.

LIFE

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